Florentin Smarandache

Ghosts in the attic

Poemosophism

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Lancelot meets Layla

In one of the best-known stories of Arthurian Legend, Lancelot falls in love with Queen Guinevere, King Arthur's wife. For a long time, Guinevere kept Lancelot away from her; however, the passion overpowered and the pair became lovers. One night, a band of knights forced the doors to Guinevere's chamber where they burst in upon the lovers. Lancelot manage to escape, but Guinevere is seized and condemned to burn to death for her adultery. Of course, Lancelot returned to rescue his beloved Guinevere from the fire.

Time passed by… Eventually, Lancelot ended his days as a lowly hermit and Guinevere became a nun at Amesbury where she died, exclaiming just seconds before: *Verrà la morte e avrà i tuoi occhi!*[1]

After death, as a ghost, Lancelot falls in love again, this time with an Arabian ghost-woman, Layla.

[1] In Italian; meaning: Death will come and will have your eyes. It is the title of a book by Cesare Pavese (1951).

We know more about her life grace to the medieval poet of Iran, Nizami of Ganje. He put in verses the tragic tale about unattainable love of Layla and Majnun[2]. Here it goes: Layla and Qays fall in love while at school. Their love is observed and they are soon prevented from seeing one another. In misery, Qays banishes himself to the desert. Due to his eccentric behavior, he becomes known as Majnun (madman). There he befriends an elderly Bedouin, and they scheme to win Layla's hand through warfare. Layla's tribe is defeated. Even so, her father refuses the marriage to Majnun, and she is married to another. After the death of Layla's husband, there is a meeting between Layla and Majnun, but they are never fully reconciled in life.

Centuries passed by… In a timeless time, she meets Lancelot, and another love story will flourish. Both Lancelot and Layla are strayed in space, in the Aztec world, in Anahuac city. The fragment we see through the window of fourth dimension depicts Lancelot walking, at the very front of the army, after loosing

[2] In his romantic poem "Layla and Majnun", inspired by an Arab legend.

a battle, and even with his shredded clothing and his lost varicolored feathers[3], his pride was intact. The public is awaiting for the army, mourning. Only that woman, named Layla, did not cry, but stunned and amazed watching at the Warrior coming. He had calm in his eyes, still black in his heart[4], she had *stars in her eyes*[5], still blue in her soul[6]. Nevertheless, Anahuac spirit had to reborn[7]. No Babylon[8] attached.

[3] The Aztec headdress was a central design piece of the outfit of the most important Aztec people. The feathers are part of it; see more details below.
[4] Like in *White Hunter Black Heartnote*, an American film, directed by and starring Clint Eastwood as John Wilson, based on a book by Peter Viertel.
[5] Hear the song "Stars in Her Eyes", performed by The Stone Coyotes, an American rock band.
[6] You can now perceive *Blue Soul*, single songs use quotation marks, the third album led by American trumpeter Blue Mitchell.
[7] Through the centuries, earthquakes, fires, floods, war and despair have leveled many of the world's great cities. Let us now give Anahuac the chance to put itself back together again.
[8] The Bible says Babylon will be completely destroyed and no one will ever live there again. This prophecy has never been fulfilled. People are still living there today. Well, let us give a chance to the prophecy to be fulfilled in the future.

The Shadows[9] of the thwarted army dwell

On the eerie lakes[10],

Where *bloody devils*[11] roar and yell,

Chain'd to their stakes[12].

[9] *The Shadows* are a British instrumental rock group, and Cliff Richard's backing band.
[10] Imagine otherworldly lakes like Laguna Colorada in Bolivia, with blood red water dotted with white islands made of borax.
[11] A film by Al Adamson, where a government agent tries to break a Neo-Fascist group in California.
[12] A verse from "Holy Willie's Prayer", by Robert Burns, the national poet of Scotland.

Amesbury[13] harbors a deathlike silence[14]:

No sound makes caracolas[15]!

Without ideals or violence[16],

Without a trace[17], or AIM[18], so men pass.

[13] This is the place where Queen Guinevere, the love of Lancelot's life in the Arthurian Legend, became a nun and eventually died.
[14] *Deathlike Silence* is a Finnish heavy metal (gravedigger metal) band.
[15] Caracolas is an Aztec wind instrument.
[16] From "love minus zero/no limit", by Bob Dylan, the influential American singer-songwriter, but also author of books of drawings and paintings; his work has been exhibited in major art galleries.
[17] *Without a Trace* is an American police procedural television drama series.
[18] AIM is a social website with video chat, group conversations, and message.

Huehuecóyotl[19] brought his shields broken,

His clothing in shreds.

Like the winds that blow unspoken[20],

Defeat *has had too many heads*[21].

[19] In Aztec mythology, Huehuecóyotl is the god of music, dance, and song of ancient Mexico. *Codex Borbonicus* depicts him as a coyote with human hands and feet. Like in Greek mythology, we imagine he took part in human wars.

[20] From "Ocean Crossing" by Arlo Davy Guthrie, the American folk singer known for singing songs of protest against social injustice.

[21] Bob Dylan trills in "Cold Irons Bound": *Reality has always had too many heads*.

The Eagle Knight[22], the Tiger Knight[23]

Had their crests destroyed,

Remembering from sadly fight

The weary *nights of comfort void*[24].

[22] Eagle Knights were a special class of infantry soldier in the Aztec army, one of the two leading military orders in Aztec society.
[23] *Tiger Knight* is a 3D game featured with strategy-driven battles, set in the Three Kingdoms period of ancient China, inspired by the legendary troop of Tiger Knights, a group of elite cavalries in Chinese history.
[24] A verse from "Mirth and Mourning" by Anne Brontë, the English-Irish novelist and poet, the youngest member of the Brontë literary family.

The chirimías[25] spread no melodies,

And flags were folded gloomy,

As they *never lose those memories*[26]

Mongst the towers of Tschumi[27].

[25] The chirimía is a Spanish term for a type of flute or oboe, from the family of double-reed instruments.
[26] From "Laugh about It" by N.E.R.D., the American rock, funk, and hip hop band.
[27] Bernard Tschumi is an architect, writer, and educator, commonly associated with deconstructivism, based in New York City and Paris.

The council of Yopica[28] awaited

For Broken Arrows[29], weapons bent –

Explanations be stated.

The lab'ring passions struggle for a vent[30].

[28] The council was formed by Aztec masters of the arts and war strategies. Yopica was one of the seven calpolli that emerged from the Seven Caves, according to Nahuatl Dictionary.
[29] In United States military nuclear incident terminology, *Broken Arrow* refers to an accident that involves nuclear components, but which does not create the risk of nuclear war.
[30] From "Thoughts on the Works of Providence" by Phillis Wheatly, a poet in prenineteenth-century America, the first published African-American woman.

Two lunar cycles[31] had passed by.

They found no words to call a truce,

And not a cloud obscured the sky[32].

But *place no blame, what is the use*[33]?

[31] The lunar calendar is based on cycles of the lunar phases and includes extra months added occasionally to synchronize it with the solar calendar. There are slightly more than twelve lunations (synodic months) in a solar year. A purely lunar calendar is the Islamic calendar (Hijri Qamari calendar). It is used mainly for religious purposes, but it is the official calendar in Saudi Arabia. The oldest known lunar calendar is from Scotland, dating back to around 8000 BC.

[32] From "Hymn" by American Romantic poet Edgar Allan Poe.

[33] From "White Flag" by Garth Brooks, the American singer-songwriter.

By shameful scurry just a few escaped,

But motley feathers[34] loosing,

A thing of dark imaginings that shaped[35]

The road to take[36], not choosing.

[34] The Aztec headdress was an important design piece that completed the outfit of the most important Aztec people. The types of adornment crafted on the headdresses were restricted, as well the central piece of it, the feathers. A certain feather only a specific Aztec could wear. Cuauhocelotl (Aztec warriors), for example, were prized with feathered helmets distinguishing them for bravery.

[35] From "Lara" by George Gordon, Lord Byron, the Romantic English poet, who joined the Greek War of Independence fighting the Ottoman Empire.

[36] Opposed to "The Road Not Taken", Robert Frost's poem, which begins, "Two roads diverged in a yellow wood". There is a common motif in Russian folk tales, where a *vityaz* comes to a fork in the road and sees a menhir that reads: "If you ride to the left, you will lose your horse, if you ride to the right, you will lose your head". Well, here, a fork was obviously not available.

High up on the housetops[37], where birds *travel free*[38],

All but *their echoes mourn*[39].

Women hid children[40] so they could not see

Inglorious[41] return.

[37] From "Delia" by Bob Dylan.
[38] From "Love is just a four-letter word" by Bob Dylan. (No more Bob Dylan, it's a promise!)
[39] From "Lycidas" by John Milton, a pastoral elegy.
[40] According to Pope Francis, "children are not a problem of reproductive biology, but a gift", and they must be protected from seeing our atrocities.
[41] Inglorious (Basterd) is – apud urban dictionaries – one who goes around Germany tormenting German Nazis'. Prominent during the WW2.

Lancelot was leading warriors and himself asked:

"When *death became absurd and life absurder*[42]?

And why not use the soul, *if I tasked*

My powers[43] *to take the flow further*[44]?"

[42] This line is from "Apologia Pro Poemate Me" by Wilfred Owen, the English poet and soldier, one of the leading poets of the WW1.
[43] From "Aix in Provence" by English poet Robert Browning, one of the foremost Victorian poets.
[44] From "Never" by Atmosphere, the American hip hop group.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow[45].

Lancelot was *playin' possum*[46]

Between his people, row on row,

While Layla broke into blossom[47].

[45] From "In Flanders Fields" by Lieutenant Colonel John Alexander McCrae, the Canadian poet, physician, author, artist and soldier during WW1, and a surgeon during the Second Battle of Ypres, in Belgium.
[46] From "Indian Summer (Beat Happening)" by Luna, the pop/indie band. But what comes to our minds is the Latin verb *possum (posse, potui)*, "I can, I have the power".
[47] From "A Blessing", by James Wright, the American poet.

He sees her in the crowd. *A seer blest*[48]!

"This lovely creature had been given,

– his heart exults from chest –

All the beauty that was owned by heaven[49]*."*

[48] From "Ode, On Intimations of Immortality" by William Wordsworth, the English Romantic poet, Britain's Poet Laureate for 10 years or so.
[49] This is from Persian Gorgoni's "Vis & Ramin", a verse where the beauty of the woman is described (translated by Dick Davis).

Got stuck into[50] her lovely face –

Her heart was steely, and her spirit free[51] –,

He underwent the radiant grace[52].

Or whether they too were we[53]?

[50] In Australia and New Zealand, that means "become immersed in", "become occupied with".
[51] Again from Persian version of "Vis & Ramin" (translated by Dick Davis).
[52] You should get Yogi Bhajan to explain this.
[53] From "The Cloud Confines" by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the English poet, illustrator, painter and translator, determinative for the European Symbolists.

Hacking into Lancelot's and Layla's emails

To catch Lancelot and Layla while travelling through ordinary inaccessible dimensions, we hacked their email accounts and read their correspondence[54]. We found them disguised in academic colleagues, in a transparent linear city called New Anahuac.

Their love grows and grows. They plan to move together. Maybe get married. Get old together. Be happy. Nothing out-of-the-way[55]. It happened before. 'Cause love just thrives without your knowledge[56], not really a planned affair.

[54] Like in the Diplo-Mates scandal, when the notorious hacker "Guccifer" snooped around Colin Powell's AOL account, and revealed a cyber-crush and cyber-flirtations with the European Parliament member, the Romanian lady Corina Crețu.

[55] Except maybe a case like this one, that went viral via social media: two colleagues were caught having a Friday night romp in the office, with the lights on. Drinkers at a pub across the street saw and enjoyed all of the details. It happened in New Zealand and their fun was filmed by revellers at the Carlton Bar.

[56] Pablo Neruda put the best words: "I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where. I love you in this way because I do not know any other way of loving but this, in which there is no I or you, so intimate that your hand upon my chest is my hand, so intimate that when I fall asleep your eyes close."

What we have here, then? A series of exploratory forays into the mundane and the routine, but the two also plunge into eroticism and dreaming, vested with emotion and equanimity as well.

Ghosts seems to have a simple, normal life, same concerns and troubles, like all of us.

On December 19, 2017 2:13 AM, "Layla" <layla@ houris[57].mah[58]> wrote:

Lancelot, I think of you and I am floating like a cloud[59]. I will hold your sweet body soon. My GPS is on, always set on you[60], Lancelot.

Holding you, now and always,

Layla

(Driving into the office to do some writing.)

[57] In Islam, the *houris*, plural of haura, "gazelle-eyed (woman)", translates as "companions of equal age (well-matched)", "lovely eyed", "pure beings" of paradise, denoting humans and *jinn* (supernatural creatures in Islamic mythology as well as pre-Islamic Arabian mythology) who enter *Jannah* (paradise) after being recreated anew in the hereafter.

[58] Mah is Old Persian for Median Empire.

[59] Or: "Yesterday I inhaled a cloud, and immediately my eyes started raining.", as Jarod Kintz would put it, in "Whenever You're Gone, I'm Here For You".

[60] Probably singing "Got My Mind Set on You", the song written by Rudy Clark and originally recorded by James Ray.

On December 19, 2017 2:14 AM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv[61]> wrote:

I'd like to hug you, Layla. I do not want to loose you, Layla. I want to kiss you, Layla. You are very sweet in bed[62] and all the time, Layla. I want us to write an epic poem[63] together. Metaphorically, but also verbatim. I read and re-read your emails, and I think you have a genuine story-telling talent. Really, what about writing literature?! My whole love for you only, Layla.

Lancelot

(What did your father mean yesterday?)

[61] Marv was an oasis-city in Central Asia, on the historical Silk Road, located today in Turkmenistan. Formerly, Marv was the Achaemenid Satrapy of Margiana, and later Alexandria and Antiochia in Margiana. It seems that Merv was briefly the largest city in the world in the 12th century, a New York of Medieval Ages.

[62] "Sweet in bed" is a very old expression going back to the 12th or 13th century, meaning “innocent and inexperienced”, but mostly "good in bed” nowadays.

[63] An epic poem is a long, narrative poem originated in Ancient Greece by Homer. Many ancient writers used epic poetry to tell tales of intense adventures and heroic feats.

On December 19, 2017 2:17 AM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

I like writing. In the past, I wrote fiction/literature. I plan to do it again in the future, but right now, I focus on scholarly works.

My dad has always been a jerk in his personal relationships, although he is very accomplished in his field. As a rule, I never trust him, so I am never disappointed.

Such is life[64].

Layla

(What do you feel in front of our colleagues?)

[64] *Such Is Life: Being Certain Extracts From The Diary of Tom Collins* is a novel written by the Australian author Joseph Furphy (aka Tom Collins), a fictional account of the life of rural dwellers, including squatters and itinerant travellers, in southern New South Wales and Victoria, during the 1880s. The title of *Such Is Life* is derived from Ned Kelly's last words, said as he was about to be hanged.

On December 19, 2017 2:22 AM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

I will grow in the eyes of colleagues for being your boyfriend. Many times, I feel that I do not deserve you, and I try do anything to win your heart.

Thanks, my loving Layla. You give me force and proudness. *You give me so much satisfaction*[65].

I can't sleep at all. *You're in love when you can't fall asleep because reality is finally better than your dreams*[66].

Lancelot

(I had a lot of traveling and I wished I were with you instead.)

[65] Electro-Funk J.P.'s Force's "(You Give Me So Much) Satisfaction".
[66] A saying of Theodor Seuss Geisel.

On December 21, 2017 1:13 PM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

It is now noon and the sun finally is shining and melting the snow! Hope you had a great day. See you soon. *I will be here for you*[67] whenever you come back. I know I have been a little crazy with the emails. It is possible that *I have never really been in love before*[68]... I thought I was sick or having a reaction to my flu shot which I took Friday after you left. I finally figured out that I am just *crazy about you*[69] and I am calmer now. *Te iubesc*[70], teddy bear with no teeth[71].

Layla

(Still cannot stop thinking about you.)

[67] "I Will Be Here for You" is a single written by Diane Warren and Michael W. Smith.
[68] "I've Never Been in Love Before" is a song written by Frank Loesser. The song is a duet from the classical musical "Guys and Dolls". Interpretations by Frank Sinatra, Chet Baker, Barbra Streisand, Shirley Bassey, so on.
[69] Thinking of "Silver Lining (Crazy 'Bout You)", the song recorded by English singer-songwriter Jessie J., track written by Diane Warren.
[70] "I love you" in Romanian. (As Romanian seems to be the language of love in another dimensions.)
[71] In slang, if you call a person a teddy bear it means that you think that person is cute and cuddly.

On December 21, 2017 2:13 PM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

Last night I could not sleep, just writing emails in my mind to you, and answering your previous ones too. In the morning, I wrote them down on my blocknotes, so I do not forget them. I am sure many men would want to be your boyfriends, and I was pleasantly surprised when you chose me. I'll reduce my traveling when you will not come with me. Except the math conference, I might even cancel them only to be/remain with you.

We are both getting older[72], so I want to get older near you.

I am not a womanizer and I never was, I only need a Lover and Friend: YOU, since I am now alone.

In my previous relationship, she asked for separation, not me. I'll not separate from you never. I do not play with the sentiments.

Lancelot

(Having you in my head.)

[72] Like in *Dazed and Confused*, the comedy film written and directed by Richard Linklater.

On December 21, 2017 3:10 PM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

Good! I feel the same way. We are together in this "having you in my head[73]"! Relax and enjoy the feeling baby!

I am out driving around with brother getting a few things before the snow starts again[74]. I will take a few photos for you on my very smart phone that I am typing on right now.

Love and strokes on your skin,

Layla

(We may move together earlier!)

[73] "Always In My Head" is a track on the album *Ghost Stories* of British rock band Coldplay.
[74] "January brings the snow, / makes our feet and fingers glow", says British poet Sara Coleridge.

On December 21, 2017 3:17 PM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

Big hello to your brother and I am waiting for your photos.

I wish I played with you in the snow, and we turned somersaults[75] on the ground. I will squeeze you in my arms when seeing you again.

I kiss you, I hug you! I am happy we may move together early.

Any house in town is good if we have running cold and hot watter, heater, and some backyard.

Take care of your health.

Lancelot

(Just *dreaming eyes open*[76].)

[75] In gymnastics, an acrobatic exercise in which the body revolves 360° with feet passing over the head.
[76] Written by Tony Arata, "Dreaming With My Eyes Open" is a song recorded by American country music singer Clay Walker.

On December 21, 2017 5:09 PM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

Yes. It will have hot and cold running water, heating, 3 bedrooms, an awesome kitchen, a small backyard. A *fireplace*[77], and a very large bathtub.

I am glad you are happy. I will keep you updated as things develop over the next couple of weeks.

My dog is recovering in the kitchen. She disappeared Saturday night during the snowstorm and came back Tuesday with frostbite on her front right paw. She was very sick and would not eat, but is a little better now. She cannot use her front right paw.

Love you, Lancelot.

Layla

(*Lost without you*[78].)

[77] Reciting "Fireplace" by American poet Alan Harris.
[78] "Lost Without U" is a song by American artist Robin Thicke.

On December 21, 2017 6:00 PM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

Oh, Layla, I miss you always! Understand me, love me at least 10% as much as I do...

I started by liking you (as you said you did too), then by loving you, and now by very much loving you up to not being able to *live without you*[79].

Say "hello" from my side to your lovely cats (that liked to play when we slept together or made love), and to your very shy dog with her head down and ashamed.

You are just beautiful, Layla.

Lancelot

(You are my queen!)

[79] "The killer song of all time," as Paul McCartney once described it, the ballad "Without You" is written by Pete Ham and Tom Evans, and has been recorded by two hundred artists or so, among them Harry Nilsson and Mariah Carey.

On December 23, 2017 8:44 AM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

The following dramas occurred since you left. Facts, not mermaids[80], not unicorns[81], nor Loch Ness monster[82].

Docudrama 1: Big Oriole is the interim. There was no faculty vote. Much drama as you can imagine. Beetle is not happy of course. To be continued.

Docudrama 2: Clif told me earlier this week that students told him that you and I are a couple. I said yes, it is true. Clif smiled big and said "Oh! If you are with him, I am sure he is ok!" Then today, Elmo was in my office talking about the interim drama (see above), and then he said that Clif had said that you and I were a couple. Again, I said yes, it is true. Elmo looked like he was frozen for several very long

[80] Not sure how this legendary aquatic creature with the upper body of a female human and the tail of a fish came into talking...

[81] Depicted in European folklore as a white horse-like or goat-like animal with a long horn and cloven hooves. In the Middle Ages and Renaissance, it becomes a symbol of purity and grace, and could only be captured by a virgin.

[82] Why not a long-surviving plesiosaurs in love?

seconds, then eventually he said "well, *whatever keeps you happy*[83] and healthy is good in my opinion," and he also mentioned "it is not an issue, there are no policies forbidding relationships," then he started talking about the interim drama again. So, I guess good for us. *Nothing to hide*[84], no rumors to control.

Docudrama 3: Today, my father and his current wife left voicemails on my phone and my brother's phone telling us that they decided "they will not be home over the holidays, sorry for the inconvenience, Merry Christmas, Happy New Year". We tried to call them back, but they are not answering of course. Not surprising. Last time I visited my dad was Christmas 1011 and it was a super crazy disaster. I really have never spent much time with my dad since 974 (every ten years or so he responds to letters or calls). So, my brother changed his plans, got a ticket to here. I am picking him up tomorrow, and he will stay with me, and we will hang out

[83] *Whatever Makes You Happy* will be Cindy Chupack's directorial debut, based on the novel by William Sutcliffe. Shooting is expected to start in New York City in June 2015.

[84] Feel like playing the online game *Nothing To Hide*? They have nothing to hide, and all their art / code / music is open source and uncopyrighted.

around, then I will take him to airport, and he will fly back. We will have a good time, take photos, and life will go on.

Therefore, I look forward to your return. Oh, I would love to sit in your lap right now, but instead I am sitting in my office chair, finishing up some reading and printing out my spring syllabi now (because the copier always breaks the first week of class).

I will try to keep emails shorter in the future, but an update on the week's drama seemed appropriate.

Layla

(Love you, miss you, want you, and may God protect us both from crazy people!)

On December 23, 2017 10:31 AM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

I am not happy either for the first real drama...

The second is not a drama, it is good. So the whole campus would know.

What "If you are with him I am sure he is ok" means? Elmo got surprised of our relationship? Maybe others will be too, but no problem.

If I knew your father did that, I would not go to Carinthia[85], but stay with you and your brother.

By the way, your brother looks like you. I like your photo too. I hug you/it.

Lancelot

(You attracted me as a magnet.)

[85] Situated within the Eastern Alps, noted for its mountains and lakes.

On December 26, 2017 11:11 AM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

I was trying to get a house before semester starts because too busy when classes start, and before house prices start to climb again...

I just made an offer on the 217 W Bush rd house. 3 bedroom with very large backyard and good working class neighborhood. Fairly rare to find a home in this price range that is "liveable"...

I have made an offer/deal that requires zero money downpayment and the owners will cover the "closing costs" (usually around 2500 bucks in inspections/legal review costs).

Monday at noon, I will meet with the realtor and sign a contract. The contract then goes through an additional approval process that might take a couple of weeks to finalize. Since I already have pre-approval with my credit union, it should not take too long.

If we get this place, and you get bored with it in a couple of years I can get us a fancier place and rent this place out for a small profit.

What I need from you: continue to be brilliant and creative; take care of your mind and body; be patient with me if I act as if I am ruler of the universe; we split the monthly mortgage payment (far less than the rent you pay now); be my bodyguard and scare off any monsters[86]. Moreover, of course, the primary point that started this whole thing: be lovers (partners/spouses/couple/use your favorite term).

What do you say, Professor? Please let me know any thoughts you have on this.

Layla

(The house has a spiral staircase that leads to a basement,
a thing almost unheard around here.)

[86] Contact the Romanian-French writer, therapist, and expert in child education Simona LeRoy, she scares monsters away.

On December 26, 2017 11:23 AM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

Excellent, dear Layla! I agree with all. I am in progress of leaving for a small 3-days trip.

Yes, you're my loving Boss (remember I told it to you on that trail, when walking, and of course you agreed!).

We'll split the costs. I need a 30-days notice to leaving my apartment. Can I tell them by email that on February 1st I'll be leaving?

I'll not get bored with you.

Lancelot

(You are my honey.)

On December 31, 2017 9:51 AM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

Spoke with realtor. He is going to show me the home on 217 W Bush rd on Friday at 2:30pm. There might be a couple of others by then to look at, or maybe not. The one on Canyon dr was a dump (hole in ceiling, and the house had shifted and pinched one of the city sewer lines).

A snowstorm is moving in to the area tomorrow (New Year's Eve), and the temperatures will then drop to zero on New Year's Day.

Therefore, I am going to haul some water, chop some wood early in the morning, and stay home for Wednesday and Thursday.

Layla

(Happy Partying, my lovely rocket[87]!)

[87] Now, we admit that's strange, to see your boyfriend as a missile, or spacecraft, or other same vehicle. Should it be for rockets not being reliant on the atmosphere, but working very well in space? Or the meaning was that he takes her for a ride that is out of this world? Anyway, rockets are often a (phallic) metaphor for virile males.

On December 31, 2017 10:23 AM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

You do alone a lot of work for us. I know you work hard for getting the house. I thank you, and sorry for not being able to help. Hoping the house on W Bush rd would be better. Waiting for your news.

I party with my friends: hot wine with pepper, and tzuica[88], and singing by voices. I eat less so I do not want to become a dolphin nor a whale! I want to please you as much as I can. From time to time, take a rest and write to you.

We'll have parties together: drinking and eating and singing together.

And you being in my arms, so I feel your Soul, your heart.

It is December 31st, so Happy New Loving Year from the man who desires you the most!

Lancelot

(I love you unconditionally.)

[88] Kind of Romanian whisky, but made from plums, and associated with everlasting intercourse.

On December 31, 2017 1:11 PM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

Thank you! Plum brandy sounds good.
I am sitting in my office working and waiting for realtor's phone calls again.
I look forward to being with you and our sweet full release into each other.
I love you completely and unconditionally as well.
I should print your words and keep them near my heart.
Happy New Year to you Sweetness...

Layla

(Did I tell you I like dolphins very much?!)

On December 31, 2017 4:23 PM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

I plan to check with the Airline Company if it is possible for me to come early back to Anahuac, one week ahead the time, since I want to be with you. (Will see what penalty I have to pay.)

I burn of eagerness to see you again, how you smile to me that I cannot resist kissing you on your lips, and then sucking your tongue[89], and you mine.

As for our home, I like whatever you like. Wherever you are is good for me. And a bathtub would be very nice.

I lived in all kind of conditions: from bad (in a refugee camp with 80 people in a barrack) to somptuous hotels and eating in exotic restaurants.

What I want is to be with you anywhere you want.

Lancelot

(I am thinking of you and I cannot even focus on what I visit.)

[89] Like Johnny Depp in "Cry-Baby", the American teen musical romantic comedy film written and directed by John Waters.

On December 31, 2017 3:31 PM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

I am still preparing food and drinks. Wild rice, fresh vegetables, cherry juice, cornbread and much more. I like to cook sometimes because I can fix the food exactly as I like it and for a much better price.

Also if our new place has a nice backyard, I would like very much to grill food outside.

As soon as I finish with the chainsaw cutting wood in a few minutes, I will drink a beer to wish you a very happy and sensual new year!

Next week faculty development week starts. I will go to a few of the meetings and write you true stories about them!

Layla

(Love you, big guy!)

On January 1, 2018 10:10 AM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

As I waked up in the morning I saw a lot of snow and it is still snowing outside as in a real winter[90]. I checked the emails and I was happy to see your name again as sender.

Of course I opened your email first. I like to receive messages from you. I have continuously had you in my head and heart.

Lancelot

(Happy New Year with much Love to all!)

[90] Like in "Hunters in the Snow" by Pieter Brueghel the Elder.

On January 11, 2018 9:55 AM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

Thanks for spending the weekend with me, Lancelot. Holding and hugging you is the best. I know how to be a good friend, but honestly, you will have to give me guidance on the sex part of the relationship.

I assumed you place a very high importance on much sex[91]. On our first night together, you asked me several times if I had any pornography ("sexy movies" or Playboy channel you asked about), so I thought that was what was most important to you, because that is what you asked about.

It would make me sad if you decided to prefer porn or masturbation instead of me[92], since I feel so strongly about you and love touching you.

I suppose I am not very sophisticated about such things.

[91] Visit Gabinetto Segreto in Naples, the witness of the role that sex played in the life of the Romans, as preserved by the eruption of Mt Vesuvius in 79 AD. Frescoes contain depictions of naked men and women, including explicit sex scene.

[92] Free to imagine memorable hilarious autoerotic moments on movies like *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* or *Wetlands*.

Apologies for any shortcomings or lack of experience[93] on my part.
Everything about this is new to me[94].
See you tomorrow. Have a sunny day[95]!
Your friend and lover,

Layla

(Grading many papers.)

[93] Now take the American comedy film *To Do List*, written and directed by Maggie Carey. The film is about a recent high school graduate, who feels she needs to have more sexual experiences before she starts college.
[94] Though Oscar Wilde said once: "Everything in the world is about sex except sex. Sex is about power."
[95] A line of American writer Francis Duggan says: "A bright and sunny day in the Winter it makes one happy to be alive".

On January 11, 2018 10:43 AM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

Yes, my fault for *too much sex*[96]. We might pause sometimes and again redo...

It is very nice now staying on my sofa and looking through the window: *woods fill up with snow*[97], *white land*[98]... and ruminating my fusion rules[99] and examples!

I cook in my pan shrimps, eggs, and tomalee. I think of you continuously while passing through many messages gathered withing one month...

Lancelot

(You obsess me.)

[96] *Too Much Sex* is a Canadian sex comedy film directed by Andrew Ainsworth. Sexaholic Allgood Butts gets a second chance if he can turn his life around despite temptation.
[97] From "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" by Robert Frost.
[98] "In The White Land" is a poem by Konstantin Balmont, the Russian symbolist poet and translator, one of the major figures of the Silver Age of Russian Poetry.
[99] Rules that determine the exact decomposition of the tensor product of two representations of a group into a direct sum of irreducible representations.

On January 11, 2018 10:55 AM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

... And I think of you as I answer the questions from my online students.

Your image is lovely: a thinking man on a snowy day wrapped up in fusion and souffle!

It is very cold. There was a snowstorm[100]. There was ice all over the roads and it is supposed to reach °6 F here this morning.

Layla

(Je t'aime![101])

[100] Admire the painting "Snow Storm: Steam-Boat off a Harbour's Mouth", by English Romanticist landscape painter Joseph Mallord William Turner.

[101] Meaning: In love you, in French, also a language of love, as Romanian (see above).

On January 11, 2018 11:55 AM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

Good luck to your electronic work with the students, Layla.

For tomorrow: what about if we go to a Mexican restaurant (La Barraca or El Sombrero) where you can get vegetable food? It is my turn to invite you. You can speak Spanish.

You're very smart and speak many language. I love you in the language of my heart,

Lancelot

(Your slave in desire[102].)

[102] Close to *Slave of Desire*, the American silent drama based on the novel *La peau de chagrin*, by Honoré de Balzac.

On January 11, 2018 12:55 PM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

I am smart but perhaps not clever. Perhaps I will look for additional teaching to make more money. It is shameful that with a PhD and many years of experience I cannot afford to travel with you as others can.

Or I could just go rob a bank[103]. Do you have a full-face ski mask that I can borrow?

Life sucks sometimes.

Layla

(But your love is the best!)

[103] Actually, this might be a good future development, like in the British-Spanish crime film *Sexy Beast*, where the bank heist is one of the finest robberies in cinema. Anyhow, banks are dull places...

On January 11, 2018 1:45 PM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

We'll make an average: I'll reduce my traveling and you'll increase yours. I'll pay a higher percent for we travel both. I can't afford to stay much time without you.

Shall we go somewhere around 2moro? Hiking? Maybe biking? Or at least play tennis.

If you are available, I can come at noon so we have more daylight hours together. I will also wash my car. It looks like a pigpen[104].

Lancelot

(Sorry for too much absence from your life...)

[104] Of course, no connection to "Pig-Pen", the young boy who is, except on extremely rare occasions, very dirty, the character in the comic strip *Peanuts* by Charles M. Schulz.

On January 11, 2018 3:15 PM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

Yes!

And yes. It is still a little muddy for biking, and I do not have tennis rackets yet.

Perhaps we will go to High Desert Trail and walk/climb it. Quaking Aspen Trail is in the shadowy forest and is much too muddy from melting snow. (Quaking Aspens is in the deep forest by Fort Wingate, in the east, and High Desert Trail is west, near Mentmore.)

The long loop at High Desert Trail is 12 miles. Perhaps we will go the short loop 2moro.

We can take some berries and water with us.

Layla

(Sleeping in your arms...)

On January 12, 2018 9:20 AM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

My sweet Layla, I feel I forgot my gloves in your car on the passenger's seat. Can you get them?

I have never been to Quaking Aspens Trail or High Desert Trail. I'd like to go with you.

Lancelot

(Eager to see you again.)

On January 12, 2018 9:40 AM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

Sorry, your hands will be cold until then, baby. There are 6 inches/15 cm of snow in my driveway. I'll go later on to shovel the snow so I can drive to the office.

I let the cats out just now and they caught a bird and brought it into my house and it is flying around and the cats are chasing it and knocking stuff over. I am going to take care of this.

Oh, never mind, the bird just flew out the back door!

See you at 6:25 pm at my office.

Layla

(Stay warm with your helmet and sweaters.)

On January 17, 2018 11:29 AM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

The snow has stopped here, so I am going for a walk before it starts again.
Then I will start the fire to warm the house for the night.
You are wrapped around my heart...
You are a beautiful man in every way.
I love your mind and your body.

Layla

(You are the best, Lancelot.)

On January 17, 2018 1:39 PM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

I know how you're smiling now, but I like it. It means you're happy with me. I hope...

I forgot to tell you that today I have a doctor appointment, but do not worry I'll make to you today.

See you this evening.

Since the food is almost gone (I ate it!), I'll buy some teriyaki for tonight. Do you like it? Or I should go to Walmart and buy other things? I need bred, fruits, etc. so I'll go anyway, before we meet.

Lancelot

(Do I have a big head?)

On January 17, 2018 2:01 AM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

True, I am smiling. It is a good thing your head is big so I can fit inside with all the ideas and worlds in there.

Yes. In the following order: Love. Food. Beer/wine.

If you pick up beer, cans are fine.

Layla

(I am happy with you, and comfortable with you, and relaxed with you, and energetic with you, and sleepy with you.)

On January 22, 2018 11:00 AM, "Lancelot" <popocatepetl@houris.marv> wrote:

I am honored and happy to know you feel so strongly for me. Do I deserve it? If so, why?

I was pleasantly surprised that you waited for me liberate and then come to you. Did I deserve it?

Lancelot

(Preparing our first common book of love.)

On January 22, 2018 11:44 AM, "Layla" <layla@houris.mah> wrote:

You are good, kind, and intelligent, and deserve a good, kind, intelligent person to be with you. So, since I hope always to be a good, kind, intelligent person, then yes you deserve me or better.

I could write continuously about your many deserving traits. I think you have survived many things in life, and still maintained an enthusiasm for life. You have served as an excellent teacher for many years in several places, a great service to society. You enjoy speaking and interacting with people everywhere.

You have a tinge of healthy cynicism, yet it does not spoil your temperament.

Revenge is not part of your repertoire.

If there are any sort of karmic laws or processes, then even just the few traits mentioned above would draw people who admire those traits to you (I am one of those people).

It feels as if you imprinted[105] on me. In particular, when the perceived living creature becomes the primal/primary reference point for the creature that is the perceiver. So, I noticed you, and recognized you, and time passed as a calm river[106] around me.

Or something like that.

Layla

(Time to drag in a few sticks of wood and sleep.)

[105] Imprinting as in psychology, zoology or human-computer interactions.

[106] Sounds like some New Age relaxation music.

Eavesdropping on Lancelot and Layla

Therefore, we glanced into other dimensions, where Layla and Lancelot found love. We hacked their email accounts, read their correspondence, and followed their living-together plans. Simply recounting their love story is lame, *because, like all real love stories, it will die with them, as it should*[107]. We rather focus on the modus operandi[108] of love. Anyhow, is reality relevant enough for love?

Layla & Lancelot's love affair we draw is actually the neutrosophic state of love, that does not allow the consumption of love, still neither denies it, nor potentiates it, yet does not prevent it. Before deciding the future of our heroes (or let *them* decide it), shall we now ask: *So what is love? If thou wouldst know the heart alone can tell*[109]... Thus, lets us hear their heart beats. Eavesdrop!

[107] From *The Fault in Our Stars* by John Green, the American author of young adult fiction, and YouTube vlogger.
[108] Or "love styles", originally developed by John Lee. He identified six basic love styles, or "colours" of love, that people use in their interpersonal relationships: *eros, ludus, storge, pragma, mania, agape*.
[109] From classical "What is love" by Maria White Lovell, the American poet and abolitionist.

Lancelot: ...For *she had eyes and chose me*[110]!

Layla: Oh, yes! Reading Shakespeare?!

Lancelot: Actually, I read about quantum psychology, but not sure, what it might mean. Any idea?

Layla: It applies theories from quantum physics / mechanics to the neurobiology of the brain.

Lancelot: It makes sense. It should explain why *the more you love, the more love you have to give....*

Layla: It's the only feeling we have which is infinite[111]*. Yet, the quantum physics is not clear; there are many hypotheses / ideas not proven.*

[110] From "Othello" by William Shakespeare.
[111] From *Precipice* by Californian novelist Christina Westover.

Lancelot: Let's discuss it, if you agree.

Layla: I wanted to study it deeply, but then I abandoned it since it looked confusing to me. I would very much like to discuss it. There are also people who are esoteric writers / thinkers that discuss quantum psychology.

Lancelot: Will discuss quantum mechanics first, where my neutrosophic logic can apply, since it catches the description of a particle being in two places in the same time, or a particle being and not being in a place in the same time...

Layla: Sounds cool. Firstly, you do at least one of the following for me: worship at my feet for a very long time (perhaps eternity); read the book I wrote of which I gave you a copy and make a few comments or share your thoughts.

Lancelot: I already venerate your legs and your whole body and brain, and I'll read your book. So both your options work together.

Layla: My brain thanks you. My legs don't have much to say tonight...

- *Layla: Now we have to learn ways to live with each other*[112]*...*

Lancelot: ...and continue to be creative in our lives.

Layla: For whatever it is worth, I can see / do something over and over[113] *and it is new to me each time. For example: I rode the same bike path 20 miles a day, 5 days a week, for 7 years, and I never tired of it because it was a new story in my mind*[114] *each time. I know most people do not think like this, but my mind is like that.*

Lancelot: Yes. Absolutely yes. And you can bike in front sometimes so I can look at your behind.

Layla: But I also enjoy new experiences, and will always try to think of ways to experience new things with you.

[112] Not really like in the Canadian teleLaylaion sitcom *Life with Derek*!
[113] Tune "Over and Over", the song by the American recording artist Nelly.
[114] Listen to Aces Shade performing "The Story in my Mind".

Lancelot: I thought the same: I was afraid that you'll get bored of me. Hoping we'll get accustomed to each other... But you are my best friend and lover[115]?

Layla: Why is it an interrogation? Am n't I?

Lancelot: Sorry, I did not mean to interrogate you. I just wanted you to say it. It is nice and very warming to hear you say it.

Layla: Yes, you're my best friend and lover. And I think of you only twice a day - when I am alone and when I am with someone else[116].

[115] Play Michael Jackson's "You're My Best Friend, My Love".
[116] From Indian novelist Amit Kalantri's *I Love You Too*.

Layla: Are you feeling sick baby? Or just tired/exhausted?

Lancelot: Somehow tired, but I recover. Do not worry. Actually, it's the poemosophism[117] that... Oh, look, Ziki is black as a devilish angel[118]!

Layla: What is that word you cannot even pronounce?

Lancelot: What, Ziki?! You put the name...

Layla: Poemotro... whatever! Where do you wanna go with it? It's something else than non-tastable "poems"?

Lancelot: So you taste my... non-tastable "poems"!...

[117] A starting point for understanding the word / non-word / anti-word "poemosophism" is resorting to etimology. We have Gr. ποίημα (poiema), "composition, poem"; Gr. σόφισμα (sophisma), "wise-ism".
[118] A cat enters the room and miaows.

Layla: So I do actually read the things you send me[119]*...*

Lancelot: What about the automatic paintings I showed you the other day?

Layla: I am not sure I got it right. So the automatic painting is generated by coding letters into shapes and colors? Or is the automatic painting generated independently of the letters?

Lancelot: It is a computer program that randomly colors[120]. I do not know how it is programmed / coded, I just used one such program.

[119] The cat leaves the room and barks.
[120] A good start would be Tux Paint.

Layla: Heya, I created some expressions in your style!

Lancelot: No kidding!

Layla: Here's a couple: Even though the man did not go to prison, everyone knew he was the cereal killer[121]*, or – In some cultures, women are placed on a petty*[122] *stool.*

Lancelot: I like cereal killer, but not understand the second... Can you explain it?

Layla: Petty stool – pedestal. Some cultures place women on a pedestal[123]*.*

[121] That guy should be consuming a lot of cereal; or is on a diet and only eats cereal. According to urban dictionaries, a cereal killer is a gamer who frags opponents, surviving an onslaught of multiple enemies at once.

[122] Petty is the act of doing something that has little significance, of saying something of little or no importance or consequence. In Lancashire dialect, petty denotes "toilet".

[123] Example: "The King and the Beggar-maid" by Edmund Blair Leighton, the English painter of historical genre scenes.

Lancelot: I like this too: petty stool = pedestal. A volume of such expressions in English would be wonderful joke booklet. Why don't you write it?

Layla: Maybe, in the future... After I finish my current list of projects that have necessary completion dates.

Lancelot: I am interested in *social illusion* and *symbolic violence*[124]; and *Layla*.

Layla: Waw, you're coming to my territory!

Lancelot: Give me the definitions of the first two.

Layla: Well, social illusion is the belief that the "game" we collectively agree to play is worth playing, that the fiction we collectively elect to accredit constitutes reality.

Symbolic violence, as the ideas and values of a ruling cultural class / social group who purposefully imposed them, often through subconscious means, onto a dominated social group. Symbolic violence is the unnoticed (partly unconscious) domination that people maintain in everyday living. Symbolic violence is also consumed through the production / reception of text and meaning in conversation, advertisement, film, novels and other cultural products.

[124] Terms developed by French sociologist, anthropologist, and philosopher Pierre Bourdieu.

Lancelot: I agree with that... I observed that living in different societies... It is unfortunate that this happens.

Layla: I wrote this article around the time I was interviewing very old Franciscan nuns / religious sisters. There were many women who were interested in being ordained, but of course it is not allowed still in some churches / temples / synagogues...

Lancelot: Social illusion is close to the social contract[125]. What are their differences?

Layla: Well... the social contract is more about things we give up to be part of a social group or society. Social illusion is more about playing a game that may not reflect actuality...

[125] Of Genevan philosopher, writer, and composer of the 18th century Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

Lancelot: Heard a joke today, wanna hear?

Layla: Sure, love jokes, shoot!

Lancelot: A Blonde goes to Spotlight to buy curtains. He says to the salesclerk, "I would like to buy a pair of striped curtains". The salesclerk assures him that they have a large selection of striped curtains. She shows him several choices but the blonde seems to be having a hard time choosing. Finally, he selects a lovely striped, colorful print. The salesclerk then asks, "What size curtains do you need?". The blonde promptly replies, "Seventeen inches". "Seventeen inches?" asked the salesclerk. "That sounds very small, what room are they for?". The blonde says, "They aren't for a room, they are for my new computer monitor". The surprised salesclerk replies, "But Sir , computers do not need curtains!" The blonde says, "Duh! Mine has Windows! The computer salesclerk told me about the windows but I do not remember exactly if my new computer has eight windows or Windows 8. I'll buy now just one curtain and I shall come back for the other four!".

Layla: Cool! Take this: A blonde, a redhead, and a brunette were all lost in the desert. They found a lamp and rubbed it. A genie popped out and granted them each one wish. The redhead wished to be back home. Poof! He was back home. The brunette wished to be at home with his family. Poof! He was back home with his family. The blonde said, "Aw, I wish my friends were here."

- *Layla:* Honey, you wanna go out eat somethin'?

Lancelot: I am working on a paper of psychology (*cognitive maps*[126]).

Layla: Very cool, baby... I would like to read when you are done. I know a little bit about cognitive mapping; not an expert, of course. You are fantastic with seemingly endless intellectual and physical energy, although you did fall asleep in the car returning from Tenochtitlan[127]*! You looked very sweet!*

Lancelot: Listen, I wanted to ask... When you read sentences from my book I gave you, are they hard to read? Do they look artificial? Is it monotonous to read such book? There are words invented by me, somehow upside-down notions, as

[126] Concept introduced by Edward Tolman, covering types of mental representation to acquire, store, and recall information.
[127] Tenochtitlan, the Aztec altepetl (city-state) located on an island in Lake Texcoco, in Mexico Valley.

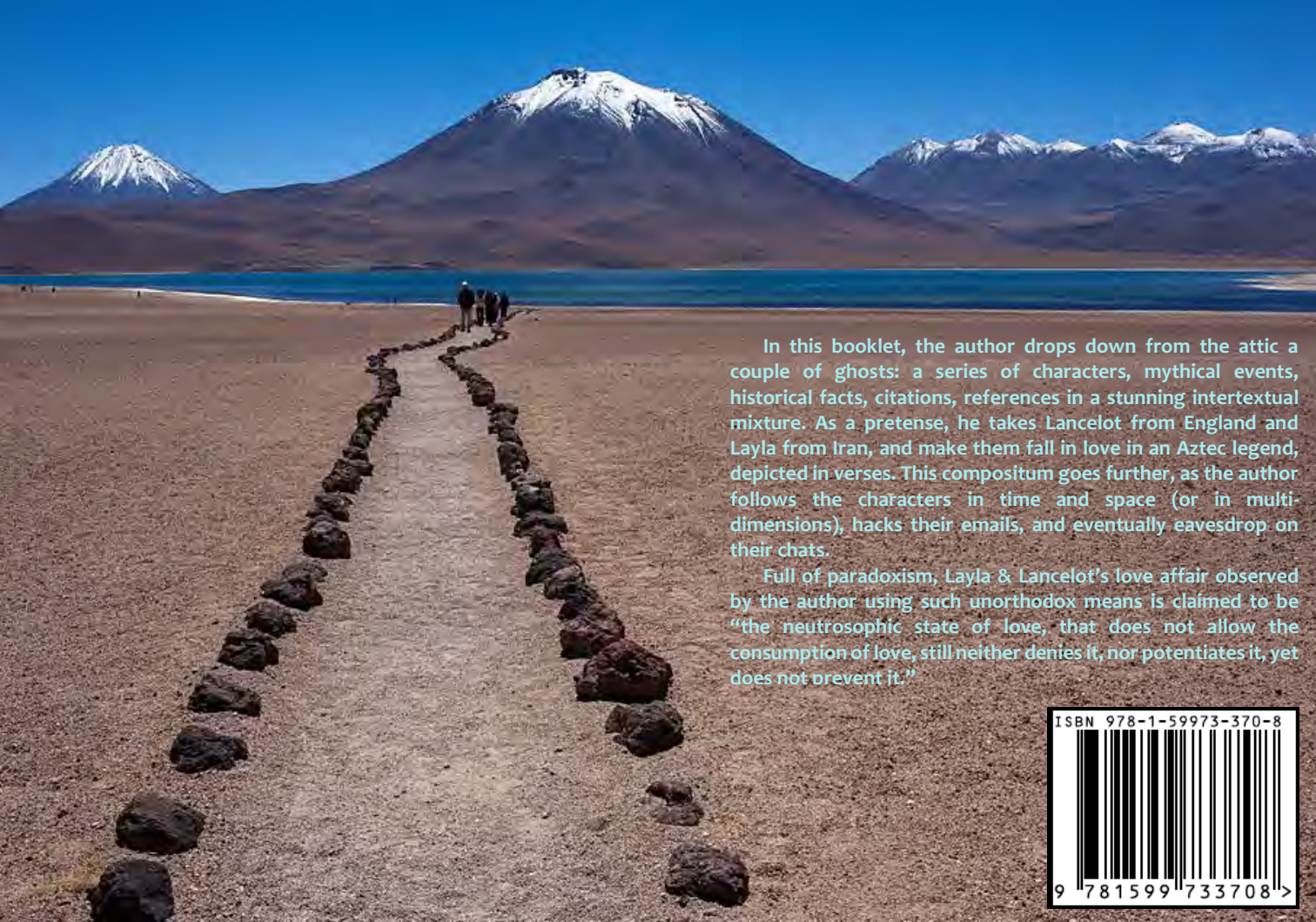
experimental avant-garde literature, where many sentences are actually in counter-sense, as they do not suppose to be logically, as in paradoxism.

Layla: Many of the words do seem artificial... But I supposed that was a commentary of the jargon in academic fields. For me it is not monotonous. For others it might require a clearer story plot or narrative that helps pull them to the next page[128].

Lancelot: Many sentences are in counter-sense, but they do not seem to me anymore to be in perfectly inverted logic[129]...

Layla: For me, such works stretch the mind. They are anchored in collective reality, but overflow into the unfamiliar. So your mind has to stretch to follow the words.

[128] See *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman* (or, more briefly, *Tristram Shandy*), the humorous novel by the Anglo-Irish novelist and Anglican clergyman Laurence Sterne.
[129] Type of sarcasm that uses opposites to instigate a different message.



In this booklet, the author drops down from the attic a couple of ghosts: a series of characters, mythical events, historical facts, citations, references in a stunning intertextual mixture. As a pretense, he takes Lancelot from England and Layla from Iran, and make them fall in love in an Aztec legend, depicted in verses. This compositum goes further, as the author follows the characters in time and space (or in multi-dimensions), hacks their emails, and eventually eavesdrop on their chats.

Full of paradoxism, Layla & Lancelot's love affair observed by the author using such unorthodox means is claimed to be "the neutrosophic state of love, that does not allow the consumption of love, still neither denies it, nor potentiates it, yet does not prevent it."

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